

## MALE DRESS REFORM

IT IS HOPELESSLY HAMPERED BY THE STIFF WHITE SHIRT.

The Way This Garment Interferes With Both Health and Comfort. Some of the Abominations of the Present: Masculine Style of Attire.

The necessity by which men feel coerced of proving to the world that they wear white shirts lies at the basis of all the difficulties of the dress problem. Until the garment becomes elastic it is hopeless to attempt the reform of men's dress on the lines of health and comfort.

It will of course ultimately disappear, for it is but the mark of a stage in the evolution of dress, just as the vermiform appendix is a stage in the evolution of the body. But the question is whether we ought to await the slow course of evolution or to use our common sense and abandon the ancient garment at once.

Why do we wear white shirts? Ages ago it was only the wealthy who could afford to clothe themselves in linen. The possession of linen underwear was then a mark of social position, and there was an obvious advantage in making public display of it.

We may put down three-fourths of the discomfort of the hot summer to the account of the starched shirt. It prevents the very process devised by nature to keep the body cool—the evaporation of sweat. In so far as it hinders this natural process in summer, the white shirt favors disease. But in winter it is a fruitful cause of illness.

In winter the mere wearing of a white shirt would no doubt leave a man no better and no worse if he were content to wait for his own satisfaction. But the curious law of evolution comes in and compels him to wear it in such a way as to do himself physical injury.

Wherever evolution is at work it leaves vestiges—literally, footprints. Probably it is millions of years since the vermiform appendix became a useless organ, but it still survives. All evolutionary survivals appear to be harmful. The appendix is the seat of appendicitis. In the inner corner of the eye there is the remnant of a once useful third lid, which now only lodges dust and causes irritation.

The lord chancellor's wig was once a comfort in ancient drafty legislative chambers and now merely serves to make a sensible man look ridiculous and give him headaches.

People who drew up laws were long ago paid according to the number of words, but the multiplicity of words now only causes confusion. So the white shirt that was once a badge of wealth and culture, being no longer of value for that purpose, is only a cause of discomfort and disease.

It is necessary to cut a piece out of the vest and the coat, just over the most important organs of the body, in order to prove to our neighbors that we wear white shirts. Consequently in the winter time we expose the lungs and the air passages to the cold wind and the cold rain.

From the point of view of health nothing could be more stupid. Bronchitis is one of the most deadly of all diseases in this country. Bronchitis is simply inflammation of the bronchial tubes. This inflammation is excited by a chill, a chilling of that part of the body left exposed in order to show that we wear white shirts.

The white shirt, in fact, might appear in the tables of the registrar general as the cause of so many deaths, perhaps 100,000 a year.

And does it really improve a man's appearance? By virtue of the association of ideas it certainly does. Usually men who do not wear white shirts are not given to cleanliness. The man who wears a white shirt washes his face and hands and brushes his clothes; hence when we see a white front and white cuffs we experience that pleasant sensation produced by general neatness of the person and clothing. But that a few square inches of white clothing over the chest makes a much look better is an absurd conclusion.

The case for the white shirt has not a leg to stand upon. The garment is uncomfortable, unhealthy and unbecoming. And as it has lost the only useful function it ever possessed—that is, its symbolism of exceptional wealth—we ought to discard it altogether. The difficulties of this course are very great no doubt. What we want is a "white shirt society," which would agree to wear, from some prescribed date, a dress designed wholly with regard for comfort, health and beauty. T. F. Manning in London Gossip.

## Making Love Up a Tree.

Billing and cooing among the Fijians is a curious feature in their social customs. It is decidedly against the rule to do any courting within doors. The gardens or plantations are the spots held sacred to Cupid, and the generally approved trysting place of lovers is high up among the branches of a breadfruit tree. You may often find around a plantation on a moonlight night and see couples perched forty feet from the ground in the breadfruit trees, one on each side of the trunk, a position which comes fairly within the limits of a Fijian maiden's ideas of modesty.

## Lord Rosebery's Definition.

It is to Lord Rosebery that we are indebted for the most modern definition of memory. "What is memory?" said a friend one day to him. "Memory," replied his lordship, "is the feeling that steals over me when we listen to our friends' original stories."—London Standard.

Friendship is a good deal like your credit. The less used the better it is. —Sloan Springs (Ark.) Herald and Democrat.

## CURIOUS INSECT.

A Butterfly That Enjoys Only Five Hours of Life.

It is in August that the naturalists observe the marvelous insect which is born, reproduces and dies in the period of a single night on the banks of the Rhine, at the mouth of the Rhine. It is the ephemere of which Strassburg has written and which is spoken of in Aristotle.

The life of this insect does not last beyond four or five hours. It dies toward 11 o'clock in the evening after taking the form of a butterfly about six hours after midday. It is true, however, that before taking this form it has lived three years in that of a worm, which keeps always near the border of water in the holes which it makes in the mud.

The change of this worm in the water to an ephemere which flies is so sudden that one has not the time to see it. If one takes the worm in the water the liquid cannot be taken away before the change is made unless by pressing the worm slightly in the region of the chest. By this means it can be taken from the water before the change takes place.

The ephemere, after leaving the water, seeks a place where it can divest itself of a fine membrane or veil, which entirely covers it. This second change takes place in the air.

The ephemere assists itself with the point of its little nails as firmly as it can. It makes a movement similar to that of a shiver; then the skin on the middle of the back breaks apart, the wings slip out of their sheath, as we sometimes take off our gloves by turning them inside out. After this stripping the ephemere begins to fly. Some times it holds itself straight up on the surface of the water on the end of its tail, fapping its wings one against the other. It takes no nourishment in its life. It seems to have been formed but to multiply, for it does not leave its state of a worm until it is ready to deposit its eggs, and it dies as soon as they are deposited.

In three days time one sees appear and die all species of ephemere. They last sometimes until the fifth day, for the reason that some malady has affected some of them and prevents them from changing at the same time as the others.

## A STUDY IN EYES.

Michael Angelo had hazel eyes.  
Mohammed had coal black eyes.  
Milton had gray blue eyes, clear and round.

Beethoven had small brown eyes, very mobile.

Dante had, according to Boccaccio, large black eyes.

Isaac Newton had blue eyes, small, bright and piercing.

Cowper, physically timid, had weak blue eyes devoid of animation.

Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, had small eyes, full of spirit.

Carlyle's eyes were described as "the very handsomest ever seen in a man's head—dark blue."

Bismarck had eyes of steely gray, deep sunken, almost hidden under bushy eyebrows.

Dr. Johnson's poor health so affected his eyes that they were dull and lifeless, of a watery blue.

## Richelieu as an Editor.

The first reporter of France was Louis XIII. The National library possesses the manuscripts of thirty-six articles written by that king. Almost all are accounts of his military operations. These articles were published in the Gazette de France. The "copy," however, did not go directly to the printer; Louis XIII. wrote, abominable French, and he had vague notions of orthography. His articles were corrected and often entirely rearranged by a secretary named Lucas, who copied them, sending to Richelieu the new manuscript. Richelieu examined it in his turn and often introduced additional corrections. At the siege of Corbie the king wrote a few lines eulogistic of the cardinal, but afterward crossed them out of his article. Richelieu wrote them in again, and so they appeared in the Gazette de France.—Revue de Paris.

## The "Man" Who Mends the Cows.

In the Basque country the children begin to work at an early age. They learn to tend and guide the oxen, which are used entirely for agricultural and draft work, and as if by instinct obtain complete control over the animals while barely able to reach their heads. The sturdy wretch of four years is up at daybreak, and bareheaded and barefooted he goes with the cows to the pastures. If one should stray on to a neighboring patch he is after it with his long stick and Basque adjurations and brings it scampering back, generally holding on to its tail meanwhile.—Strand Magazine.

## The Huns.

The first mention of the Huns in history is in China B. C. 210. They conquered that country and were afterward driven out by the Celestials and marched clear across Asia, penetrating the country now known as Hungary in 376 A. D. For a time they threatened to overrun the whole of the continent, but were defeated in the heart of France and driven back to the banks of the Danube.

## Did Some Hard Thinking.

"Yes, he was really a hard on his front steps, and he hit his thumb an awful swipe. And what do you think? He didn't say a word."

"Nope. He's deaf and dumb."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## ANCIENT LITERATURE.

How Some of It Was Luckily Saved From Destruction.

Considering that the whole of ancient literature was confined to manuscript, it is wonderful that so much of it has come down to us. The preservation of some old writings has been almost miraculous. To a single copy preserved in a monastery of Westphalia, for instance, do we owe all that we have of Tacitus. This is the more remarkable since the emperor of that name had copies of the works of his distinguished ancestor placed in all the imperial libraries and caused ten copies of them to be transcribed yearly. Still, only the one copy has been found in modern times.

A page of the second decade of Livy, we are told, was discovered by a man of letters on a battlement while he was amusing himself in the country. He rushed up to town, but he was too late. The battlement had been used up for building a church, and the page was lost.

Two manuscripts of Cicero on "Glory" were presented to Petrarch, who lent them to an old preceptor. This latter gentleman, being pressed by want, pawned them and died without revealing the name of the pawnbroker. Two centuries afterward they were mentioned in a catalogue of books bequeathed to a convent, but could not be found. It is supposed that Petrus Alerandri, the physician to the institution, appropriated them and, having transposed some of the thoughts to his own writings, destroyed the originals.

The original Magna Charta of England has certain mutilations, presumably from a pair of shears. It is said that Sir Richard Cotton, calling one day at his tailor's, discovered that the man was holding in his hand ready to cut up for a pattern a copy of the great Magna Charta, with all its appendages and seals.

## THE STICKLEBACK.

After Winning a Fight His Colors Take on Brighter Hues.

Most courtly and gallant of fish is the three spined stickleback, the beloved "riddler" of British youth. These little fish derive their name from the sharp spines with which they are armed and which they can raise or depress at will.

The female stickleback is the model wife of a model husband. She does not leave her eggs to chance, but establishes a nest or nursery for their reception, over which her irritated little husband keeps a jealous guard.

Woe betide the rival "riddler" who rashly approaches too closely the domicile of his neighbor during the breeding season. With all his spines fixed for action the warlike parent steams out to offer him battle.

The contest is a desperate one, the combatants darting at each other with lightning rapidity, biting and striking at each other with their spines, a well directed cut from which weapon of offense will often rip up the body of the adversary, sending him to the bottom.

But most remarkable of all is the decoration which nature bestows upon the victor. The brilliant green of his mail becomes tinged with gold, while his red throat blushes to a deeper hue than ever.

On the other hand, his vanquished assailant, should he be fortunate enough to escape with his life from the battle, loses his brilliant and martial uniform of red, green and gold and reverts to some obscure corner of his native pond, attired in a humble civilian uniform of sober and sorrowful gray.—Dundee Advertiser.

## Parisians' Bread.

There is no city in the world where so much bread is consumed as in Paris. It is estimated that every inhabitant eats one pound a day on the average. Even in past centuries the French—especially Parisians—had a horror of stale bread. And, as in those days people manufactured their own bread, they had a curious way of making it palatable. Strange as it may seem, the bread they prepared—huge round or square slabs—was used as a dish on which the meat was carved and bore the name of "tranchons," or "tailloirs." The juice of the meat having penetrated into the bread increased its pleasant taste and prevented it from becoming dry.

## High Priced Copy.

During the siege of Kimberley the editor of the only daily paper there was often hard put to find enough news. One day in a clubroom he found Cecil Rhodes reading a fairly new paper from Cape Town. He borrowed it and rushed to his own office, where it soon reappeared as a special edition, selling like hot cakes. That same evening he met Rhodes, who inquired, "Where's my Cape Town paper?" "Oh, I cut it up for the printers," was the reply. "Please don't do that again," said Rhodes mildly. "That paper came through my native runners and cost me \$1,000."

## The Long Lived Orchid Flower.

Even when orchid flowers are fully developed they may remain unopened on the plants for two or three weeks without apparent deterioration. This gives them a manifest advantage over most flowers that have to be cut immediately upon or even in advance of reaching full maturity.—Country Life in America.

## Never!

Mrs. Styles—My husband has the utmost confidence in me. Mr. Styles—Did you ever ask him to let you cut his hair?—Yonkers Statesman.

He who restrains not his tongue shall live in trouble.—Brahman Maxim.

THE GREAT 12 ACRE STORE

HAHNE &amp; CO. Newark's Store Beautiful

BROAD NEW 4. HALSEY STREETS.

## CAN YOU THINK OF A BETTER GIFT THAN A PIANO?

has a daughter or a wife minus a piano—the man who wants to do himself proud on Christmas Day, can think and think and think and not conjure any better gift thing than a piano; it is the gift par excellence—the gift that at once embodies the highest artistic qualities with the genuinely useful. The piano is not only beautiful to look upon but it serves to furnish pleasure to all the members of the household and to all visitors at the same time proving very useful for parties, dances, receptions, weddings or any social function held at home. Of course, these facts are apparent to everyone.

The question is, "Will a piano prove the most acceptable gift this Christmas?"

If you conclude that the piano is the thing, then the question arises— "Which Piano?"

Here is where we would like to put in our oar. We represent a galaxy of pianos such as should make any store feel stuck up. In our piano family are the celebrated Hardman, the famed Gabler, the popular Hazelton, the reliable Ruckstuhl, the much-liked Leins and the low-priced Hensel & Spencer. Here are pianos of the very highest grade—pianos of the medium class, and pianos in the most modestly priced class—every make a most worthy one, every instrument fairly priced.

There ought to be no trouble whatever in finding in this store exactly the kind of a piano that will fill the bill, and no matter whether the cost is much or little we can arrange the payments for you so that you will hardly know that you have made the expenditure at all—an easy monthly payment plan.

Do not fail to at least see and hear the pianos we sell.

Make it a point to hear the Hardman Autotone Piano, the wonderful combination of the hand-player and self player.

Let us send you our beautiful Piano Book—free for the asking.

## THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEWARK, N. J.

FREDERICK FEELINGHUYSEN, PRESIDENT.

ASSETS (Market Values) Jan. 1, 1906.....\$99,127,139 95  
LIABILITIES.....91,474,331 77  
SURPLUS.....7,652,808 18

## Mutual Benefit Policies

CONTAIN  
Special and Peculiar Advantages  
Which are not combined in the policies of any other Company.

DAY & CORNISH,  
District Agents.  
776 Broad St., Newark.

## SPECIAL ON Cakes and Crackers.

12c per lb.,  
Reduced from 16c.  
LIGHTNING AND MASON  
Fruit Jars, Jelly Glasses.  
BALL WAX SEALING RINGS.  
Rubber Rings for Lightning and Mason Jars.

R. T. CADMUS,  
595 Bloomfield Avenue.  
BOTH 'PHONES.



## Getting There Promptly

is one of the things we do in our work. Doing things right after we get there is another. We use expert labor and first class material.

We Like to Estimate on new work, and will be glad to have you call on us.

Arthur & Stanford,  
547 Bloomfield Avenue.

S. J. BRAUNE,  
PAINTING AND PAPERHANGING

Reasonable Prices for Strictly Best Work and Best Materials.  
Paper from 5c up to \$8 a Roll.

28 Washington Street, Bloomfield.  
OPPOSITE BAPTIST CHURCH.  
Telephone 1165-r.

## Bloomfield's Leading BARBER, 296 GLENWOOD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Best Equipped Tonsorial Establishment in Town.  
Sanitary Laws Strictly Complied With.

U. S. Standard Electrical Massage and Scalp Treatment.  
RAZORS GROUND AND HONED.  
Special Attention Paid to Children.

American Bluejacket, 5 cent Cigar.

Specially made for this establishment  
GEORGE SCHERER,  
PROPRIETOR.

## Benedict Bros.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND RICH GOLD JEWELRY.

"Benedict's Time" is Standard Time and Our Trade Mark.

The Watch and Jewelry House of Benedict Bros. was established in Wall Street in 1819 by Samuel W. Benedict, the father of the present Benedict Bros., which makes it probably the oldest in their line in this country. The present Benedict Bros. removed to the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, where they have the most attractive jewelry store in the United States and, perhaps, in the world.

An early inspection of their magnificent and extensive line of fine Watches, Diamonds and other Precious Gems is cordially invited.

Try "The Benedict" Patent Sleeve and Collar Button.

BENEDICT BROTHERS JEWELERS,  
141 Broadway, cor. Liberty St., NEW YORK.

On the

By EDITOR

Copyright, 1906

Westworth

and glanced

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter

"Will do" he said

The porter